

The Best Amethysts.

THE best amethysts are brought from Cambay, in India, and from Siberia, Ceylon and Persia. The chief supply of the blue turquoise is drawn from the peninsula of Sinai, the great mining district of the ancient Egyptians, whose treasures seem to be inexhaustible.

Be Sure to Read Every Article on This Page Each Day



Magazine Page



The Sealing of Letters.

THE use of wax for the sealing of letters became general in the Middle Ages. Red wax began with Louis VI. in 1113, and green about 1163. In the thirteenth century yellow, brown, rose, black and blue were added to the foregoing. Black wax was used by the military religious orders. Envelopes, first made in England, date back to 1840.

The Four of Hearts

Mrs. Livingstone, Tiptoeing Downstairs, Congratulates Herself on Her Skill as a Matchmaker

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

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CHAPTER LXI.

WHEN Milton and Cynthia had disappeared into the library across the hall, Gerald turned to where Dora stood as if uncertain what to do. He held his arms out to her.

"Dora," he whispered, "that was all, but she went straight to him and looked up into his face."

"It has all come out right, after all—hasn't it?" she murmured. "And I thought it never would!"

"You do not know," she confessed later, "what I suffered that afternoon when I sent Cynthia into the library to see you."

"I suffered more than you did," Gerald told her. "For I felt that I had given pain to you as well as to myself. I never meant to tell you that I loved you. You were engaged to my best friend, and I would have considered that any man who so far forgot his honor as to make love to his friend's fiancée was an utter cad. But when I said something about hoping you were happy, and I saw the tears come to your eyes, it was all over with me. I just had to blurt out the truth. I was horrified when I heard myself do this, until I saw the look on your face. Then—with an unsteady laugh—I lost my head still further and took you in my arms. But it was only for a few seconds."

"And in those few seconds mother saw us through the window," Dora exclaimed. "Oh!—with a shiver—'how frightened I was! Do you remember how I pulled myself away and tried to be angry with you? And then when a minute later, you came up the front steps, I ran out into the hall and made her take my place in the library. Poor Cyn! It was not quite a fair thing to do to her; but I thought you were in love with her, and she with you—in spite of what you had just done—"

"You thought, even then, that I loved her?" the man asked reproachfully.

Dora nodded. "I persuaded myself that you did, and Mother had said you did. I thought perhaps you had guessed that I cared for you and had been sorry for me—that was all. Yet, more softly, 'in the bottom of my heart I must have known differently. But I did not dare let myself examine my heart.'"

"Did you tell Cynthia about that afternoon?" Gerald questioned.

"No," Dora replied. "I did not dare. Now, however, I don't care if she does know it."

"Your father told Van and me of what he called your mother's 'mistake' that day," Gerald informed her.

"I suspected that, he had, from what he said the other night. Then Milton asked me about the time that Cyn got home that afternoon. I tell you I was in an awful state of nervousness. Perhaps that was what made me suddenly rebellious. I was tired of cheating, tired of pretending to be happy when I was miserable. I could not stand it any longer. I tried to talk to Cyn about it when we were out in the car together, and I went all to pieces. I came home and tried to make Mother see things right—and she and Father scolded me, and made me desperate again."

"I owe a lot to Cyn. If she had not been so honest, I never would have had the courage to be. She is a star!"

"She certainly is," her companion agreed.

"And now we are—you and I—engaged again, and to each other!" Dora exclaimed. "Can you believe it? And what will Father and Mother say?"

"Never mind about them just now," the man said. "Let us think about the first part of that sentence of yours, that which deals with the fact that you and I are engaged to be married. No—I can hardly believe it, darling—and yet if I were not to find that it was not true, all the joy would go out of life for me."

Upstairs, Mrs. Livingstone read steadily for an hour.

Then, struck by the silence on the lower floor, she arose and stood to the door of her room and tiptoed into the library.

Knew Better.

Teacher was warning to her subject, and laying down her book, said:

"Now, you all understand that the trunk is the middle part of the bed, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," chorused the class, with one exception.

"You understand it, too?" asked the teacher of the boy who had not answered.

"No, ma'am, because it isn't so," he replied. "My dear boy, what do you mean?"

"Well," replied the boy, "you ought to go to the circus and see the elephant!"

A Serial of Youth and Love

Livingstone had been long familiar with Milton Van Saun's intonations, and she knew from his tone that he was talking happily, contentedly. Her smile of satisfaction now was even more pronounced than it had been a moment before.

It was plain that Dora had conquered her silly attack of nerves, and was her sane, sensible self once more. Had she not been, she never would have allowed Milton to talk as he was doing without contradiction or opposition.

Mrs. Livingstone returned to her room, still noiselessly, but more rapidly than she had left it. She felt now that she could retire, secure that all was well with her young people.

To Be Continued.

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

An Entertaining and Clever Good-Night Series.

By David Cory.

IN the last story we left Puss Junior in the little house of the White Snake, who remembered. Well, as soon as Puss was comfortably seated in a big arm chair, the little snake took a book out of her bookcase and went over to him.

"This is a book of travels," she said. "It tells you all about queer people and strange countries. I wish I could travel." And then she looked so wistfully at Puss, that he said, "You shall go with me if you like, for I am a traveler."

"I will go," laughed the little White Snake, and after she had put on her bonnet and hung her vanity bag around her neck she looked the front door and put the key in her purse. And then they started off through the woods. And you should have seen how fast that little snake could glide along the ground. She went in and out among the rocks and bushes and kept up with Puss as well as a dog.

Well, after a while they came to a great big prison where the windows were guarded by great iron bars and the poor prisoners inside could only see a little bit of the beautiful big wide world. And at one window was the face of a young prince, and it looked so sad and mournful that Puss turned to the little White Snake and said:

"Do you think we can rescue this unhappy prince?"

"We can at least try," she replied, and then she looked all over the wall for a hole to crawl into. And at last she found one close to the ground.

"Now listen to me," she said. "I will crawl inside and if I can reach his room, I will tell you what to do—"

And then she disappeared, while Puss waited, looking up at the window all the while. And maybe after thirteen minutes or so, he saw her waving to him. And then she let down a slender thread.

"Faster, your sword to it," she called. So Puss did, and the thread was so strong that it never broke when the Prince pulled the sword up to the window.

Well, after a while, the Prince cut out the iron bars from the stone, which was old and soft, and after he had placed the little white snake in his pocket, he jumped down to the ground. And then he and Puss lost no time in hiding themselves in the wood, let me tell you, for they were afraid the prison keeper would soon find out that the Prince had escaped.

Well, it wasn't very long before they heard the baying of hounds. "Oh, dear," cried the Prince. "They will surely find us now!"

"Do as I tell you," said the little snake, and we will escape, never fear." And then she took some wonderful scented powder out of her vanity bag and sprinkled it over the soles of the Prince's boots, and over Puss Junior's, too, and then over herself.

"Come, let us hasten away," she said. "The hounds will never scent us now, for they will think that violets have fallen where we have stepped." So the Prince took Puss by the paw and away they ran after the little white snake who glided in front of them as swiftly as a silver arrow.

And the next story will tell you what happened after that.



ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

How Deep Are Your Feelings?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Two years ago my sweetheart and I had an understanding that we were to be married as soon as certain circumstances permitted. We are now engaged and the circumstances adjusted, but he is in the draft and doesn't know when he may be sent to France.

Now, some say we should be married before he goes and I agree, but he says although he would desire it, it would be sacrificing me, for if he should not return, he could never think of what condition I might be left in.

I APPROVE of war-marriages for women and men who are fine enough to dare them. If your feelings are big and strong and you are ready to sacrifice and suffer for love—and true love is always proudly prepared to endure what it must—then marry and may God bless you. This decision is a matter of your basic character and the permanence of your feelings. No one can guarantee that emotion shall last; every one is now under the influence of a certain hysteria; but, allowing for all that are you intrinsically loyal? Do you care deeply and generously? Can you contemplate the worst tragedies as the result of this marriage and feel that they are not too much to pay? Even if you love war already in camp, I would approve of your marriage if you both are made of the right stuff—and from love desire to marry him and make him happy—and his wish to marry you.

I think you both are true blue.

Accidents will happen, and when Titus Hopkins got blown up in an explosion at the works, the lot fell upon Peter Popcorn to break the news to the widow. Peter duly arrived at the house, but was at a loss how to start, and after a few casual remarks, asked:

"Sure he has," answered Mrs. Hopkins.

Informal Frocks

AN attractive gown of blue Georgette and lace with transparent sleeves of chiffon. A new note is the purse pocket attached to the parasol. Below is an afternoon dress of white lace over an underslip of crepe de chine. The bodice is high waisted and the girdle is of pink ribbon.



Attractive Organdie Dresses

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLEVER WOMAN

By Rita Stuyvesant.

THE warm days have brought forth a host of lovely summer frocks, and organdie ranks among the leading materials. Never before has the crisp, dainty fabric been offered in such pretty pastel shades, both plain and figured, nor made up in such youthful models. For summer gayerettes there is nothing so inexpensive and yet so dainty. Yellow, lavender, lettuce green, rose, French blue and white are among the favorite colors, while sand, sprinkled with navy blue figures, is also very popular.

A charming frock, extremely simple, made of biscuit colored organdie, trimmed by a French blue velvet girdle, could be easily copied at home.

Deep tucks were the main attraction on this pretty frock. The plain two-piece skirt had a deep hem, with a large single tuck above it. The overskirt, which opened in the front, was made with graduated tucks that were very effective on this crisp material.

The waist had short kimono sleeves, with deep, flaring cuffs, and the front revealed a tucked vest. A long, broad collar was one of the leading features, while the blue velvet girdle gave an exceedingly French touch to this dainty frock.

Figured organdie in novel combinations is being seen in all the smart shops. A quaint little frock that reminded one of '76 was featured in tan organdie, with dark blue figures. Frills and ruffles were the main attraction on this old timey dress. The two-piece skirt

was simply gathered and trimmed with yards and yards of ruffled organdie, put on signals in pointed effects. This should be carefully fastened first to see that it lies perfectly even.

A fine white organdie vest and long roll collar trimmed the simple little bodice. Three-quarter length sleeves finished with white cuffs were used for convenience. A wash of navy blue taffeta tied in a bow in the back gave that delightful "chic" so necessary to fashionable frocks.

The Wolves of New York

Lillian Begins Recital to Esther of the Story of the Borradale Mystery With All Its Ramifications

Part One—(Continued)

So it was that Esther immediately on her return to America, had sought for Lillian. She knew no address, but she had obtained it by studying an earlier report of the murder. "It is not that Lillian can still be living in that house," she had told herself, "but I may hear of her there." Accordingly she had made her way to the old address and found, the sale of Lillian's effects just about to begin. Her own naturally generous disposition had dictated her further behavior.

"And now, Lillian, let us settle down and have a long talk," she said when she had conducted her friend into her sitting room. She threw herself into an easy chair and motioned to Lillian to take another.

"We will make ourselves quite comfortable. I'll see about a room for you close to mine, and we are going to be better friends than we have ever been before. You must get on well with Mrs. Meredith for a little while, but she is leaving me in a few weeks for some family business."

"Using Your Hands Every Girl Should Know How to Do Several Things."

By Eleanor Gilbert.

Author of "The Ambitious Woman in Business."

THESE are just two things I can't use in a profitable way," cheerfully announced one of the successful business women in the little group. "Both my hands. I saw not, neither can I spin. My efforts at spinning are guaranteed to bring tears to the eyes of the beholder. When there's packing scheduled, all I need do is to permit some male friend or relative to observe my activities—and the job is speedily taken off my hands."

She is beautiful and graceful enough, generally speaking, but her hands are strangely awkward in their movements. It seems she has been a brain worker most of her days. City-bred, there has never been the least demand on her for manual dexterity. She has led a strenuous life, but it has been so full of exclusively mental occupation that there has been neither time nor taste for manual exercise of any kind.

It seems strange that only one or two generations ago the average economic value of a woman lay in the skill of her hands, while to-day the value of hand labor is depreciated in order that mental labor may be more completely glorified. And because it is a great temptation to the business woman with interesting mental work to let that work scotch any possible interest in manual dexterity, she needs to make a decided effort to develop her physical co-ordination.

Indeed, the business woman needs to develop her physical co-ordination more than the business man, even though tradition had it that every youth had to be fortified against emergency by knowing a manual "trade." For the majority of business women sooner or later plan to take up housekeeping care, where the balance of effort is on the manual side.

Most important, there is a tremendous need for "hand-made" service in the many war activities, either volunteer or paid. The Red Cross and the aviation division with needs for women workers require women who can use their hands. And physical co-ordination and dexterity are absolutely essential to any woman who wants to do war relief work.

Of course, there are a great many business women whose tastes or responsibilities prevent them from giving them plenty of manual exercise—either in actual work at home or in pleasant hand occupations like sewing, various kinds of art work, etc. But for women who have no definite tastes or duties it is necessary to cultivate a few that will help develop the cunning of the hands. This does not mean only bodily exercises in gymnasium or the open, although golf, tennis and other sports are excellent.

It means exercise in the "hand" tasks of the home. A woman who has a garden, for instance, will thrive only by the unceasing care of a pair of strong hands. If a whole garden isn't possible, perhaps there is a porch which can be transformed into a hanging garden by various devices; and even the "hall room" girl needn't deny herself the luxury of a solitary window box for the cultivation of some nasturtium, geraniums and other blooms. Making Red Cross bandages is an excellent way of developing your hand dexterity!

Let none say: "The tired business woman has exercised her fingers at a typewriter all day—manual labor enough." Operating a typewriter is mental-mechanical labor. It is automatic, and prancing down keys with a few fingers does not develop hand grace or dexterity. The business woman must let her hands get familiar with varying tasks so that they are graceful and at ease in many occupations—just as the well-rounded mental worker is eventually at ease in discussing any topic whatever.

Padding the Shock.

Accidents will happen, and when Titus Hopkins got blown up in an explosion at the works, the lot fell upon Peter Popcorn to break the news to the widow. Peter duly arrived at the house, but was at a loss how to start, and after a few casual remarks, asked:

"Sure he has," answered Mrs. Hopkins.

"Well," said Peter, "we can't collect money for it, but we'll help you to collect that."

Let none say: "The tired business woman has exercised her fingers at a typewriter all day—manual labor enough." Operating a typewriter is mental-mechanical labor. It is automatic, and prancing down keys with a few fingers does not develop hand grace or dexterity. The business woman must let her hands get familiar with varying tasks so that they are graceful and at ease in many occupations—just as the well-rounded mental worker is eventually at ease in discussing any topic whatever.

reasons, and then you shall take her place."

"But will Mr. Borradale approve?" asked Lillian, almost doubtfully, "and his mother?"

"Lillian!"—Esther spoke very seriously—"you must tell me all you know about Adderley, then I shall be able to make your position with me clear to Harold. I know I am sure—that there is nothing discreditable in the story. You have been bound to secrecy, but, knowing as much as I do, it is absurd that I should be kept in the dark as to your connection with the mystery. Don't you see this as I do? Besides—she faltered a little—"you must tell me that I must never mention Harold. There is no real objection to our union; Harold put the question so directly to Mr. Grimstead—you know who I mean—that he was forced to give a definite answer."

"What did he say?" interrupted Lillian.

"He said there was no legal or moral objection. Certainly, he said, it was not his duty to do it was not advisable. He pointed out that, if Mr. Borradale married it would be his duty, on the day of the wedding, to confide in him the whole secret of the Borradale curse."

"Yes!"—Lillian spoke very anxiously—"and what did Mr. Borradale say?"

"He laughed and said he knew a good deal about it already, and he did not think there was anything in the secret to prevent him getting married. He told me that Mr. Grimstead gave an ugly smile when he heard this, and just shrugged his shoulders. He is a horrid man, that lawyer, and I can't make out how he came to be employed by Mrs. Borradale. It's just the same with the rector at Helm—the man who married me—you know."

"Esther," said Lillian, "I'll tell you all I can. It was a promise to do so which I wrote you in my second letter. I'll make the mystery as clear as possible to you. Then you must decide for yourself. But judge me as kindly as you can, dear, won't you?"

Harold's Her Dream.

"Why, of course, I will," Esther drew her chair closer to Lillian's. "You suffered for your connection with Adderley, Lillian—as it seems to be inevitable that anyone who goes near the place must suffer. That fearful night! Though I'm sure now, you have no idea how frequently it comes to me in my dreams. Often and often I cry out in my sleep. Mrs. Meredith will tell you that it is true. It will be a nightmare to me as long as I live. And you—you who carry marks upon your neck—Esther raised her hand and gently touched the black band which Lillian always wore round her throat—"what terrors have you not suffered?"

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to be confided to every Borradale, older and younger sons alike, for it does not appear that the curse is restricted to any one member of the family."

"I know that," interrupted Esther. "We have talked it over so often, Harold and I. The idea has become so familiar that we have laughed at it. What is there to know? That is what we have asked each other. There is a strange creature at Adderley, which goes by the name of the Borradale Curse. That is an undoubted fact. It is his property, and it is his duty to be with the Borradale family. It must be kept under proper supervision, whatever it is. For some reason there seems to have been a good deal of secrecy in this respect, but surely that is because there has been no one in real authority. Harold says he will soon change all that. What is there to fear more than this?"

Lillian shook her head very gravely. "I wish I could think," she said, "that Harold has any better chance than his predecessors to put an end to the curse or not to be influenced by it. He is a strong, healthy man at present. So was his father to the day of his marriage."

"You still think that—that I ought not to marry Harold?" There were tears in the girl's eyes.

Should Not Marry Harold.

"I do. I repeat it most solemnly." "But there is no logical objection?" "No, none."

"Then tell me all you know, please." Esther's lips set firmly, her natural strength of disposition asserting itself. "Then I shall be able to judge for myself."

Lillian sighed, and after a few moments continued her story.

"To make things quite clear," she said, "you must first understand something of the Borradale family, which has been kept secret from everyone, even from Harold himself. It is this: Harold was not the only son—he is not even the rightful heir. Remember, she added hastily, "he does not know this." She marked the horrified look which had come to Esther's face.

"You mean," said Esther slowly, "that Harold has a brother living?"

"Yes—if you can call it living. The true heir of the Borradale family is the thing which is kept in confinement at Adderley."

"The Curse?" Esther had paled to the lips, though she had half suspected that the truth lay in some such horror as this.

Victim of the Curse.

"A victim of the Curse," said Lillian in low tones.

Esther choked back her sobs. It was terrible, but she had listened herself to bear something of the sort.

"The late Mr. Borradale had four sons," Lillian continued, "but the very existence of three of them was kept from the world. I don't know why—it is part of that inner mystery which has never been explained to me. The fourth was Harold. When the elder Borradale died a few years afterward he had lived for some time in seclusion before the event occurred—Harold became known as the heir to all the property. Don't ask me to explain all this. I can only tell you such facts as the facts. There is no one to dispute Harold's right to the property—so you need have no fear on that score."

"But the other two sons?" asked Esther, trembling lips. "About the eldest—I understand." "They are both dead. My sister was married to one. You married the other."

"I was married to Harold's brother?"

"Yes—a brother of whose existence Harold knew nothing."

"But why was it done—why?"

Lillian paused a moment in thought. "It is very difficult to explain," she said, "because, as I have told you, I myself am not in full possession of the facts. But there are two conflicting elements in this mystery: the one side, represented by Harold's father before his death, was to eliminate the family Curse, and another, a vague, ill-disposed element, which was to be eliminated at Adderley; and which exerts a malevolent influence without ever appearing in person. I don't know if you follow me. He added, with a helpless gesture of her hands:

"I would speak more clearly if I could. I have had to surmise so much myself. But this I know—there is a wing of the old house to which I never obtained admission. There is some one who lives there—I don't know who or what. I think that this person, whoever it may be, exerted an influence opposed to that of Mrs. Borradale. I think that Grimstead always acted in obedience to that person, although he was married to my sister. It was obliged to obey them without question."

Seeks Explanation.

"Now do you see what I suggest as a possible explanation of the story so far as it affects you? Supposing Harold's father and Mrs. Borradale knew that the three oldest sons were hopeless victims of the family Curse—whatever it may be—they would naturally wish to isolate them—to prevent their marriage—to keep their existence a secret from the world. But the malevolent influence would oppose this, and would do its utmost to keep the curse alive. For this reason it would aim at the marriage of the sons. So it was that the second was married to my sister and the third—Basil—to you."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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